

## **The Bunnyman**

Back in 1903, deep in Clifton, there used to be an asylum buried deep within the wilderness of Clifton. Pretty soon after the civil war people started inhabiting the area, population-wise around 300 or so. It was a very small town. Nonetheless people didn't like the idea about having an asylum miles down the road, so they all got together and signed a petition stating for the asylum to relocate elsewhere. The petition passed and a new asylum was built, which is now known as "Lorton Prison", a temporary facility for convicts to stay in until they are appropriately sentenced.

In the Autumn of 1904, the convicts were gathered and piled into the bus which was to transport them to Lorton. Somewhere during the drive not too far from where they left, the driver had swerved to avoid something and the bus had started to tip, and soon was rolling in a terrible collision course.

Most of the convicts were injured but had managed to escape the bus and had fled into the night, towards the woods. The next morning a local police investigation had begun, and they had begun rounding up the escaped convicts. Hours turned into days, days into weeks, weeks into months. Everyone was recovered after 4 months, except for 2 people, Marcus A. Wallster and Douglas J. Grifon. During the search for both men the police randomly found dead rabbits half eaten and dismembered every now and then along their search.

Finally they were to find Marcus dead by the Fairfax station Bridge (now known as Bunny Man's Bridge). In his hand he held a man-made hammer/knife like tool, made with a sharp rock and a pretty sturdy branch as a handle. They thought nothing of it, and didn't care how he died, only that he was apprehended and they no longer had to worry about him.

They had a name for Marcus, but later on they would realize they had named the wrong person the Bunny Man.

Still searching for Douglas, they kept on finding dead half-eaten

rabbits every so often while the search went on. Eventually, they were to name Douglas the Bunny Man from then on.

3 Months passed by and the police had given up their search by April 7th 1905. Everybody assumed the Bunny Man was dead by now, if not gone, so they went on with their small town lives. Come October, people started seeing dead bunnies reappearing out of the blue, and starting to fear the unseen.

Halloween Night came around, and as usual, a bunch of kids had gone over to the Bridge that night to drink and do whatever kids their age in the 1900s did. Midnight came around within minutes and most of the kids had left, only 3 of them remained at the bridge.

Exactly at midnight, a bright light supposedly came from the bridge, right where the kids were. Less than a few seconds later, they were all dead. Throats slashed with that same type of tool that was found next to the other escapee, Marcus. Not only were their throats slashed, but they were cut up and down their chests, gutted like fish. The Bunny Man then hung both of the boys from one end of a bridge with rope around their necks, hanging from the overpass with their legs dangling in view of any passing cars.

The girl was hung the same way, on the other side of the bridge. This happened on Halloween in 1905. After that, they didn't see or hear anything from him for another year.

Halloween 1906 was approaching and parents as well as the teens in Clifton still remember the incident that had occurred one year ago at the bridge, his bridge, Bunny Man's Bridge.

That night 7 teens were left remaining right before midnight at the bridge. Thinking little of it, six remained inside the bridge while 1, Adrian Hatala had remained a good distance from the bridge hoping to have enough time to escape if the same thing happened again. She was the only one to witness this, a dim light walking the railroad track just before midnight, stopping right above the bridge at midnight, then disappearing at the same time

that a bright flash was inside the bridge. She heard the deafening sounds of terrified screaming coming from inside the bridge that lasted only seconds. Moments later, they were all hung from the edge of the bridge, in the same way as the corpses a year earlier.

Horried, she ran home, she didn't tell of everything she saw, just spattered words here and there that some of the folk put together to come up with her story. No one understood it, or even believed her. They charged her with the people's murders, and locked her up in the Asylum of Lorton. In 1913 the same thing happened with 9 teenagers this time, Halloween night again.

Adrian was still locked up. They dropped her sentence, but it was too late. The insanity had finally conquered her. Even if she was released, she was too far gone to have a decent life, so she spent her remaining years in the asylum until she finally died in 1953 of shock.

No one knows what exactly she died in shock from, but supposedly she had died in her sleep, dreaming of that one dreaded night. Perhaps the Bunny Man had finally gotten to her.

More murders were to take place however, although after the murders in 1913 most people stayed clear of the bridge on Halloween.

1943 rolls around, and 6 teenagers go strolling out on Halloween night. A couple hours later, all of them dead, same way as all the others. Investigations took place, but as usual nothing was discovered.

1976 the same situation occurs, this time with only 3 people.

The only other incident that occurred since then was in 1987, twelve years ago. Janet Charletier was enjoying the night with her 4 friends. Halloween night had finally come, and they had gone driving out to enjoy the night after invading the children's candy bags. They had settled around 11 at the bridge, waiting for midnight to come. They didn't believe in the myth so they

decided to see it for themselves, and were to be the only ones who actually withstood the Bunny Man. They had waited around 55 minutes or so, so it was nearly midnight, when Janet started getting a little scared. They all had been pulling pranks on each other, (jumping out the bushes and screaming), so she was already a little worked up. Midnight hits, and by this stage she is completely freaked out. She's almost out of the bridge when the lights get really bright inside. When that happens, her body is halfway outside of the bridge. She sees her skin start tearing at her chest but nothing is piercing her skin. She manages finally to exit the bridge. Completely horrified she hits a hanging body and knocks herself out. When she awakes she discovers that she has been bleeding. She was lucky that the cut had just started, and wasn't very bad at all. She left and never returned to the bridge again.

She has been seen sitting on a swinging bench on her balcony every morning just staring in the direction towards the bridge a couple of miles down.

To this day, you can still find her on that bench every morning. From then on the story dwells untouched, and unmoved.

